



Statue of St. Stephen at  
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## The Fourth of July And August 20th.

Two national holidays - so different,  
yet so similar.

The Fourth of July - celebrating  
independence - the exuberance of a  
nation's freedom.

August 20th - remembrance of the  
founder of a free nation - celebrating  
its glorious past.

One represents the signing of a  
document, expressing the will of a  
people to be free. The other recalls  
the wisdom of a saint, charting his  
people's course in history.

And we - we are heirs of both - in the  
land of the free! Are we not fortunate  
to have such antecedents?

**God Bless America!**

**Isten áldd meg a magyart!**

## Szent István király

Tűz Tamás

Jól megjelölte ezt az ezredévet:  
keresztel írta rá kemény nevét,  
mint halhatatlan győzelméi ék.  
Alapító lett, de kőnél súlyosabban  
vetette el az épülő falakban  
toronyszökentő, férfias hitét.

Amint alázatát mindegyre inkább  
úrrá emeli roppant erején,  
a bércre hág s egy országon tekint át,  
hol hajnalpírban reszket még a fény.  
Komor felhőkből bomlik ki a kék ég  
s virrasztva várja népe ébredését  
a századok széfúttá reggelén.

Nem tétován, de biztos mozdulattal  
lendül előre tervező keze,  
míg port kavar és szilaj kedvvel nyargal  
a forró puszták zendülő szele.  
Bölcs szemmel néz a fényes távlatokba  
s pillantásával féltőn átkarolja  
a frissen szántott szűzi földeket.

Kegyes jobbával törvényt ír, keményet,  
hogy megkösse a rónák vad porát,  
szóló teremjen és kenyér, fehérebb  
s hogy mindenki meglelje otthonát.  
Áldott szigor, rendet hozó szelídség!  
Arany szív, mely eltékozolja kincsét,  
hogy új szívekben ragyogjon tovább!

Hát róla zengjen most a lelkes ének!  
Uram, téged dicsérünk általa,  
mert ő volt a te választott edényed,  
apostolod; híved s a föld sava.  
És ő volt ama bibliai sáfár,  
kire be jó, hogy éppen rátaláltál,  
midőn megvirradt napunk hajnala!

*Tűz Tamás (pseud. – 1916-1992), priest, poet and writer, was born Makkó Lajos in Győr. He was ordained in 1939, and having been drafted, was sent to the Eastern front as military chaplain. In the fall of 1944, he was taken prisoner by the Russians, and was released only in 1947. He ministered in several small settlements between Győr and Budapest. Following the Hungarian Revolution, he left Hungary and settled in Canada. On his initiative, American Hungarian writers came together in a loosely organized group that even published some books.*

*The poems of Tűz Tamás appeared in literary magazines in the West, and he published numerous volumes of poetry. He died in Hamilton, Canada, but is buried in Győr.*



*Szt. István statue in Fairfield in front  
of St. Emery's Church*

# Néprajzi Ínyesmesterség / Ethnographic Gastronomy

Erdei Ferenc

Nagyon régi főzőedény a bogrács, ami minden földrészén, minden nép őstörténetében és mai néprajzában feltalálható. Különös nevezetességű, hogy a honfoglaló magyarok cserépbográcsot használtak. Annyira jellemző volt ez rájuk, hogy az ilyen régészeti leletek jelzik a legelső magyar szálláshelyeket. A cserépbogrács azonban hamarosan kiment a divatból, és később a bogrács közös lényege, hogy valamilyen fémből készül (vasból, rézből, bronzból), fűle van, amivel a tűz fölé akasztható, de valamilyen tűzhelyre is ráhelyezhető. Alakja, mérete, fülének a kiképzése már végtelenül változatos, aszerint, hogy miből készül, mire használják, lángon vagy parázson főznek benne, helyről helyre viszik, vagy egy helyen használják, kisebb családi méretekben vagy nagyobb csoport számára főznek benne, stb.

Az Alföldön nevezik bográcsnak ezt az edényt, Erdélyben és a Dunántúl több helyén „üst” a neve, Debrecen környékén „vasfazék”, de lényegében ugyanarról a szabadtéri főzőedényről van szó. Hazánk területén is van alul szélesebb, lapos fenekű formája, és van felül szélesebb alakja, Erdélyben pedig a félgömb alakú a sokfelé elterjedt. Még abban is van változatosság, hogy belül rozsdamentes fémmel vonják-e be (cinezik), vagy éppen zománcozzák.

Bográcsban főzni sok mindent lehet. Lebbencslevest és keménytarhonyát éppen úgy, mint paprikáskrumplit vagy gulyást, birkapörköltet vagy halászlét, lecsót vagy puliszkát, kását vagy tejlevest, s mindegyiknek megvan a maga értelme és varázslata. Ilyen párttalanul azonban én nem merek vállalkozni a bográcsban való főzés ínyesmesterségének leírására. Szűkebb területre szorítok: a bográcsban főzhető paprikás hústelekek birodalmára.

A paprikás lényege az, hogy a tűzön olvasztott zsírban hagymát fonnyasz-



*Cooking Gulyás at the Magyar Studies picnic*

tanak, ebbe teszik – a tűzről levéve – a paprikát, s azután teszik rá a húst, azt összekeverik, és kevés víz hozzáadásával főzik, ameddig szükséges. Így készül a „paprikás”, akár csirke – borjú-, marha-, juh-, bányavagy disznópaprikásról van szó. Ez a jeles magyar étel, minek vékony zsír úszik a levén, de maga a lé sűrű, ízes és tarhonyával, galuskával vagy burgonyával tökéletes asztali örömet okoz. (Tefjőlt csak a paprikás csirkére szokás tenni, de ez nem változtat a lényegen.)

A pörkölt egészen más valami. (Így főzték régen a pásztorok a napon megszáritott „húskonzervüket”.) Ennek lényege, hogy a feldarabolt húst – akár marha, akár juh, sertés vagy baromfi – azon meztelenül, zsír és víz nélkül teszik a bográcsba (és a szükséges kavarási-forgatás mellett), a tűzön pörkölik, fonnyasztják a maga levében. A szabály az, hogy ilyenkor sem zsírt, sem vizet, sem sót, sem bármiféle fűszert nem tesznek hozzá, mert ez esetben az a lényeg, hogy a hús a maga levében-ízében forogjon, s adja ki azt, ami benne van, s legyen igazán marha-, birka- stb. ízű. A gyakorlatban rendszerint kell tenni annyi engedelményt, hogy egy-egy kis vizet adnak hozzá, nehogy odasüljön, különösen, ha kevés húsból készül a pörkölt. (Mert bár pörköltnek nevezzük

ezt az ételt, nem engedhető meg, hogy akár egyetlen darab húsnak csak a széle is „odapörköljön”.) Külön készítik el kevés zsíron a fonnyasztott hagymát, azt megaprikázzák, majd a hús pörköldése közben teszik hozzá a húshoz. Van, aki korábban, van, aki később, a lényeg az, hogy legyen ideje a húsnak a „saját levében forogni”, hogy saját ízét töményen kiadja. Ezután nagyon kevés vizet lehet önteni hozzá, csak annyit, hogy a felszíni húsdarabok között éppen megcsillanjon a lé. Eddig a mértékig fővés közben is szükség szerint potólható a lé.

Az így készült pörköltnek rövid, sűrű, mártásszerű leve van, ami olyan kevés és olyan töményen képviseli az illető állatot, hogy a pusztán kenyéren kívül nem is való hozzá semmi melléklet, legfeljebb valami savanyúság. Tudni kell azonban, hogy a pörkölt-főzés a „legnehezebb sport”, a legtöbb érzék és önfegyelem kell hozzá, és ennél a legkönnyebb hibát véteni.

Ami se nem paprikás, se nem pörkölt, annak nincs is közös neve, de van közös lényege, s ez valami egészen más, mint a paprikás és a pörkölt. Az ilyen főzés szabályai a következők. A feldarabolt húst zsír nélkül a kellő mennyiségű apróra vágott hagymával és vízzel együtt hidegen beleteszik a bográcsba, és a tűz fölé akasztva erős tűzön főzik. A sőt és paprikát forrás közben teszik hozzá, a paprikát azonban úgy, hogy főzés közben csak a szükségesnek egy részét, a többit főzés befejezése előtt, hogy minél élénkebb piros maradjon. Az így főzött se nem paprikás, se nem pörkölt lehet hosszú levű, és rövid levű. Hosszú levű a halászlé és a gulyás, rövid levű a juhászos birka és toros disznó. Az elnevezésekből látható, hogy olyan főzési mód ez, ami maximálisan leegyszerűsített eljárás: mindent egyszerre beletesznek a bográcsba, s ezután „fő magától”, csupán rá kell nézni olykor, a tüzet táplálni és sót-paprikát beletenni (a só előre is beletehető). Így főz a juhász, a gulyás, a halász és a disznóöléskor dolgozó böllér, mert nem ér rá hosszasan pepecselni a főzéssel.

*Forrás: Ezer Esztendő -  
Milleneumi Olvasókönyv*

# Cifraszűr – The Embroidered Shepherd’s Cloak

Erika Papp Faber

Even if it’s not on the list of *Hungarikumok* as yet, the *cifraszűr* definitely belongs there. It is the lavishly embroidered cloak worn by shepherds in the past.

The *cifraszűr* – embroidered shepherd’s cloak – has been called the most Hungarian piece of clothing, since it was never adopted outside the Carpathian Basin. Material for the *cifraszűr* was furnished by the Hungarian long-haired sheep, and worked into fabric by a special group of artisans called the *csapó*, one of the oldest Hungarian trades.

This material was then cut by a specialized tailor called a *szűrszabó*, who laid out each section as a rectangle. Even the sleeves are straight, but are sewn shut at the wrist, serving merely as pockets. The large rectangular collar hanging over the back, the front and the sleeves are all covered with embroidery. The cloak is never buttoned, but may be held together by a strap made by a saddler, ending in a clasp.

*Cifraszűr* were differentiated by the type of embroidery on them, depending on the region. The basic fabric was mostly white, but the embroidery was multicolored. When the basic color of the cloak was black, the embroidery was done in a lighter shade of brown or beige. The colors of the woolen embroidery thread were derived from plants.

The *szűrszabó* did not first trace the patterns because one could not draw on the rough material. He merely indicated the main – mostly flower – motifs with a carpenter’s pencil. (Other designs were patriotic, such as the Hungarian coat of arms.) The chief elements were embroidered

first, then the area between them was filled in with rosemary leaves lined up along one stem. All available space was filled.

This cloak was light, but served as a source of protection against cold, rain, wind and snow. It also protected a rider’s horse, and was sometimes even used instead of a saddle. Researcher Györfly István, whose grandfather was a *szűrszabó mester* (a master *szűr* tailor) described the *szűr* as being useful during a fight for buffeting a blow, and should it become necessary for its owner to run, it could immediately be unclashed. Providing shade against the heat of the summer sun, it could also serve as a mattress, pillow, blanket and seat.

In addition to being the essential piece of shepherds’ clothing, the *cifraszűr* became the formal dress of peasants, a sign of social rank. They would not consider getting married in anything else. It had its heyday from the 1860s to the end of the 19th century; then the difficulty of obtaining the right quality material and changing fashions caused it to decline in popularity everywhere except in Transylvania, where it remained popular for several decades longer.

Art historian Pap Gábor theorizes that the three elements of folk culture – buildings, folk costumes and accessories – served not only a practical but also a ritual function which could not be separated from each other. According to his theory, every peasant house could be considered an elementary sanctuary, every meal a sacrificial banquet, every fancy robe (*cifraszűr*) a ritual vestment.

Pap’s logic leads him to find a parallel of the *cifraszűr*’s shape with the layout of a basilica: closing with a square sanctuary, having three aisles and a rectangular apse (as replicated in the sewn sleeves of the *cifraszűr*). Like the priest, the owner has to

“vest” himself in the “house of God”.

It is interesting to note that the *cifraszűr* of Debrecen (called the “Calvinist Rome”) does not have a “sanctuary”, since Calvinists do not use an altar in their worship services.

Recently, a *cifraszűr* was presented to the Pastor of the Catholic church of Egyek by the Parish Council on the occasion of Good Shepherd Sunday.



*Szűr design from Pápa area, circa 1332. Embroidery done by Dr. Dora Józsefné Tima Irma*



## Hajós Alfréd - The First Hungarian Olympic Champion

Olga Vállay Szokolay

*Although 2019 is not an Olympic year, preparations for the 2020 Tokyo Games – not unlike for the presidential elections in the United States – have already started. Ever since any of us can remember, the quadrennial Olympic Games have been part of our lives, pausing only for World Wars I and II. Many of us knew that the Games had originated in ancient Greece, but few were cognizant of the fact that there was a hiatus of over 1500 years before the modern Games commenced. It was in the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century that a French nobleman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin dreamed up and presented the idea of reviving the tradition. Sports, in general, were getting popular in the Western world by then, thus the concept fell on fertile soil. The first Modern Olympic Games were held in Athens, in 1896.*

Gutmann Arnold was born in Budapest, on February 1, 1878, first of the six children of Guttmann Jakab, a poor Jewish workman and Lőwy Rozália. After Jakab, working at the Csepel docks, drowned in the Danube, his widow struggled to raise the six children as a single parent. Arnold was only 13 when his father died. The tragedy made him decide he wanted to learn to swim.

He was a youngster of slight build. During his first physical education class at the Markó utca high school he could not climb the pole. But the failure did not discourage him. As a result of practicing in secret, he could climb to the ceiling in a few weeks. Then he actively pursued gymnastics, running and swimming. Since his high school did not allow its students to compete publicly, Arnold changed his name to the Hungarian-



sounding *Hajós Alfréd*. He continued sports through his years at the Architectural School of the Royal József Nádor Technical University in Budapest.

For lack of a professional swimming facility, he trained at the *Rudas Baths*. He had to get into the pool every morning at five, to get to his classes on time. By his own account, he had no ambition to become an Olympic champion, since he did not even know about the Games. He was only 18 years old in 1896, the year when the modern age Olympics started and nobody guessed the enormous future of the concept yet. The very organization's primitive character was reflected in the fact that the Greek military band could not play the Hungarian National Anthem and the Magyar delegation did not even take any *Red-White-Green* flags with them, expecting no need for any. Fortunately, a journalist had stolen one from the train's window, just in case...

Hajós's potential was discovered after winning the European championship in 100-meter freestyle swimming in 1895 and 1896, thus the Hungarian Gymnastics Club sponsored his trip to Athens, Greece, where the re-born Games were held. He was an architecture student at the time, and was allowed to

compete, but permission from the university to miss classes was difficult to obtain.

The swimming events took place on April 11<sup>th</sup>, 1896 in extremely cold weather. The racers had to swim from ship to shore, in the bay off the Mediterranean Sea of about 12 degrees C (54-degree F) and amid huge waves. Alfréd entered and won the 100-meter freestyle race, with a time of 1:22.2. Skipping the 500-meter event, before the 1,200-meter freestyle race, he smeared his body with 1-centimeter (3/8 inch) thick grease, but that proved to be of little protection against the cold. After winning that race with a time of 18:22.1, he confessed: *"My will to live completely overcame my desire to win."* He won by about 60 meters (almost 200 feet), while some of his rivals gave up, "frozen out" from the water.

At the celebratory dinner honoring the Olympic winners, the Crown Prince of Greece asked Hajós where he had learned to swim so well. To the roaring cheer of the participants, Alfréd replied: "In the water." The next morning, the Athenian journal *Acropolis* depicted him with the subtitle: *"Hungarian Dolphin"*, which remained his nickname ever after.

He was the youngest winner in Athens. With four other Magyars finishing as medalists in different events, Hungary finished sixth in the overall results.

Upon his return home, hundreds of cheering fans greeted Hajós at the train terminal. Yet the Dean of the University did not congratulate our hero on his Olympic success but said: "Your medals are of no interest to me, but I am eager to hear your answers in your next examination."

He ended his swimming career at age 19, in 1897. As a multi-tasker before the phrase was coined, he switched to gymnastics, then to soccer. In 1901 and 1902, he was a



*Top: Hungarian athletes at the 1896 Olympics: Kellner Gyula, Kakas Gyula, Szokoly Alajos, Dáni Nándor; sitting: Hajós Alfred, Wein Dezső. Hajós at the Olympics  
Center: Hajós Alfréd, the architect in 1955, The Blockner family tombstone with Hajós on top.  
Bottom: Hajós Alfred National Swimming Stadium in Budapest.*

member of the Hungarian national soccer team and served as referee for years to come.

Alfréd, indeed, obtained his degree from the Polytechnic and worked at the office of the well-known architect Alpár Ignác and later, with Lechner Ödön. In 1907, he opened his own architectural practice with Villányi János. They won their first design competition in 1909. Influenced by his previous mentors as well as by the accepted styles of the time, he designed in the Secessionist, eclectic, and later in the functional, modern manner. In 1908, he married Blockner Vilma, with whom he had one son, Endre in 1910.

His architectural repertoire included dozens of residential, educational, public and religious buildings of various denominations all over pre-Trianon Hungary. Understandably, however, his main interest focused on sports establishments. In 1913, he designed a stadium for 50,000, whose realization was prevented by World War I. Yet, in the 1920s, establishment of sporting facilities became widespread all over Europe.

In September 1922, the UTE soccer stadium for more than 20,000 fans, designed by Hajós, opened. It was the first such structure employing reinforced concrete. That project earned him a silver medal in the Architectural category at the 1924 Mental Olympics in Paris, proving he was equally equipped to win intellectual challenges as well, in keeping with the original spirit of the ancient Games. Since Intellectual competitions are no longer part of the Olympics, *he remained the only Hungarian winning in both sports and arts categories.*

He utilized reinforced concrete technology in the design of the sports swimming complex at Margitsziget (Margaret Island) in Budapest, which was completed in 1930 and named after *Hajós Alfréd*. The covered

swimming pool was an enormous international success that was enlarged, modernized and upgraded several times over the decades. To the present day, it has been providing training facilities for hundreds of Hungarian swimmers and served as the venue of several international competitions. He designed many other swimming complexes across the country over the years.

Hajós survived the anti-Semitic times and persecution of Jews in mid- 20<sup>th</sup> century Hungary due to his international popularity and widespread fame. He was equally spared during the years of Communism and could work as an architect in Budapest till the end of his life, although not in his own office.

The 77-year-old Hajós Alfréd swam into eternity on November 12, 1955. His grave is at the Kozma utca cemetery in Budapest.

In 2010, he was posthumously awarded the Ybl-Prize. Many schools bear his name and his faithful fans formed the *Hajós Alfréd Society* to foster the memory of the Champion.

*Olga Vállay Szokolay is an architect and Professor Emerita of Norwalk Community College, CT after three decades of teaching. She is a member of the Editorial Board of Magyar News Online.*

## Outlaws in 19th Century Hungary

*Dr. Dora Józsefné, Tima Irma*

*The word betyár is derived from a Persian-Turkish word, bikar, after batiar, finally "betyár" (with some Slavic influence). Its meaning was lazy, wanderer, cold, thief and cruel. According to the romanticized legends of the outlaws, they were considered heroes, being on the side of "justice", and protectors of the poor.*



*Sobri Jóska*

By the end of the 17<sup>th</sup> century and beginning of the 18<sup>th</sup>, fear of the Turks had passed and the border fortresses dismissed the soldiers. Having served many years, they couldn't find their place in civil life, so they formed gangs and lived by stealing. In addition, due to the economic and social situation at the turn of the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries, the poor became poorer, and the poorer became even more poor. Thus poor servants, shepherds, who couldn't handle the burdens the landowners imposed, men who just got out of prison, young men who didn't want to serve for the Habsburgs became *betyárok* or *zsványok*. Some joined the outlaws for adventure.

These *betyárs*, were in a group of 6-8, mostly young men. Their leader was an absolute ruler whom everyone had to obey. Anyone who refused was dealt with immediately. They had to keep the *betyárbecsület* (their own code of honor). Many were the victims of that, and not many reached old age.

Public safety was shaky, the gendarmes were untrained, the outlaws were clever. They kept not just the rich, but merchants, tradesmen,



*Esik eső, szép csendesen csöpörög.  
 Rózsa Sándor a kocsmában keserög.  
 Kocsárosné, bort hozzon az asztalra,  
 Legszebb lányát állítsa ki strázsára!*

*Rózsa Sándor beállott katonának.  
 Jaj, de szépen fölöltözött huszárnak.  
 Had rúgja le a csillagot az égről,  
 Had pusztítsa ki a rácot a földről.*

*Rózsa Sándor kis pej lovát nyergöli.  
 Tizenhárom lovas zsandár keresi.  
 Rózsa Sándor nem vette ezt tréfára,  
 Kivágtatott a szögedi pusztára.*

*Rózsa Sándor leesett a lováról,  
 Úgy fogták el a betyárt az útvjáról,  
 Elfogták és feltették egy szekerre,  
 Úgy kísérték a törvényszék elébe*

*Le az utcán, föl az utcán fölfelé,  
 Szamosújvár börtönkapuja felé,  
 Szamosújvár börtönfala de sárga,  
 Abba vagyon Rózsa Sándor bezárva*



*Music notes and lyrics: Esik eső szép csendesen csöpörög, Rózsa Sándor, Angyal Bandi, Savanyú Jóska, Zöld Marci by Berki Viola (1932-2001)*

even some shepherds in fear. They stole, looted, some killed if the victim resisted. Because of all this, the public defenders were constantly after them.

Sometimes even the army was called out; and rewards were offered for capturing them.

The life of the *betyárs* was not an easy one. The outlaws were always on the run, or in hiding. When they were caught, they were sentenced to death without a trial. In some years, 200 outlaw were hanged.

Yes, their eyes were often caught by the *csaplárosné* (tavern-owner's wife), or the shepherd's gorgeous daughters. Famous love stories were born, but most of the time they didn't come to anything.

The best known include Rózsa Sándor, Angyal Bandi, Bogár Imre, Sobri Jóska, Sisa Pista, Bajdor János, Bogár Imre, Weszelka Imre, Savanyú Jóska, Zöld Marci.

As we lived by the foot of the Bakony Mountains, where many of the outlaws operated, we heard a lot about the *betyárs*. During the long winter evenings, we listened to the stories that my father and godfather told about them. According to them, the outlaws never robbed or hurt the poor.

The most famous *betyár* was Rózsa Sándor, son of a scoundrel. He wanted to live a normal life, he got married; and sometimes, he did live the right way, but he always relapsed. He couldn't fit in, so he was

always outside the law. In 1848, with the permission of Kossuth Lajos he received a letter of safe conduct, and organized a free army composed of outlaws such as himself – poor young men, and deserters, and fought for freedom mostly against the Serbs. In Ezeres village, Krassó County, he robbed the townsfolk and killed 36 Romanians.

Later on he took to robbing trains. He and his band removed tracks to stop the trains, then they robbed the travelers. Once some soldiers were on the train, and in the fight many were injured, including Rózsa Sándor. He was arrested and sent to jail. Because of his part in the Revolution, Kossuth asked for a reduction of his sentence. But Rózsa Sándor died in jail, of tuberculosis, in Szamosújvár jail in 1879.

Sobri Jóska was "our" outlaw. He was almost as famous as Rózsa Sándor. He was born Pap József, in a small town near Sárvár.

The story is told of how, as a lark, he took part in stealing a pig. He was caught and imprisoned. On his release, he became a *betyár*, and acquired the nickname Sobri, based on his father's birthplace of Sobor, a small settlement between Tét and Csorna. He spent his time and "worked" in the Bakony Mountain and its surrounding area.

The most famous robbery occurred on December 8<sup>th</sup>, 1836, perpetrated by Sobri Jóska. They stole 6,800 forint, 16 firearms, 4 gold watches and much ladies' jewelry. The stolen items were sold through tavern owners, millers, and small landowners, who also supported the *betyárs* with food and sometimes with guns and ammunition. His right-hand man, Milfajt Ferkó was caught and hanged on Christmas Day of 1836.

In 1837, nine Counties were after Sobri. A reward of 100 gold pieces was offered for his capture. He was surrounded near Lápafő, a town near the border of Somogy and Tolna Counties. When a soldier moved in on him with a spear, Sobri shot himself in the heart. Others say he was caught and hanged. He was only 27 years young.

The poor didn't believe he was dead. He was their hero. Here and there he was sighted, but it was only a wish. A movie was made of his life. He was likened to the famous Robin Hood of England.

Zöld Marci was a handsome devil, a heart throb. Many girls and women dreamed about him. He lived on his loot in Heves County. That is where the saying comes from: *Él mint Marci Hevesen* (Lives like Marci in Heves). His life ended on a gibbet at the age of 26.

Angyal Bandi was a cruel, mean, rough individual. He was born into a noble family and was an educated fellow who spoke four languages. He spent many years in prison, and died at the age of 46.

Many legends preserve the lives of the *betyárs*, and many songs, poems, ballads, novels are about the outlaws. Móricz Zsigmond wrote about the true life of Rózsa Sándor.

From the outlaws we inherited a delicious *betyárleves*, which contains a lot of meat. There are many versions of this soup.

The Compromise of 1867 ended the era of the outlaws. Ráday Gedeon, Government Commissioner, with absolute brutal force destroyed the *betyár* gangs, only a few poor young men were found wandering at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

Now we have only the legends. Our folk literature would be certainly much poorer without these legends.

Many *betyár* folksongs can be found on You Tube under *Betyárnóták*.

Adventure parks, taverns, roadside lodges are named after the "heroes of the poor". In some cases, we even recognize their lovers' name here and there.

*Dr. Dora Józsefné, née Tima Irma is a retired school principal enjoying her "Golden Days".*

## Bakonyi Betyárleves

*Many versions of the betyárleves are known. They can be made with different kinds of meat, vegetables or spices. They can be spicy or not. Many things you have in your pantry or kitchen can be added. Any kind of soup pasta can be used. Our version is from the Bakony Mountain area and it is served with homemade pasta, called csipetke.*

### Ingredients:

- 1 lb. pork butt, cubed
  - 1/8 lb. bacon, cubed
  - 1/2 lb. spicy kolbász, sliced
  - 1 cup mushrooms, sliced
  - 2 carrots, sliced
  - 2 parsley roots, sliced
  - 1 medium onion, chopped
  - 2 cloves garlic, cut up
  - 1 tomato, cut into cubes
  - 1 green pepper, cut onto strips
  - 1 Tbsp paprika
  - 3/4 cup sour cream
  - 2 Tbsp flour
  - 1 tsp salt, more if needed
  - 1/2 tsp ground black pepper
  - 1/2 tsp ground caraway seeds
  - 1-2 sprig of dill greens, cut up small
  - 1-2 sprig of parsley greens, cut up small
  - 8 cups beef or chicken broth or water
- Soup pasta – *csipetke*

### Instructions:

In a large cast iron pot fry bacon. Remove bacon with a slotted spoon, set aside.

Fry onion in bacon grease. Add cubed pork, and fry while stirring. Add caraway seeds, salt and pepper, stir. Add a small amount of water, cover and sauté on low temperature, about 20 minutes.

1. Add mushrooms, carrots, parsley roots, garlic and paprika, and mix. Add bacon and kolbász, and broth or water and cook another 20 minutes.

2. Add green pepper and tomato. Bring to a boil.

3. Top it with dill and parsley greens.

Meanwhile, mix flour with sour cream and add to the soup. Bring to a slow boil and serve hot over *csipetke*.

### Csipetke:

1 or 2 eggs and flour, as much as the eggs will take. Make a very hard dough. Take a larger piece in your left hand and pinch off small pieces with your right. When all done, boil *csipetke* in salted water.



## Bálványosvár and Torja, Transylvania

Charles Bálintt Jr.

*In 997, Stephen became Grand Prince of Hungary upon the death of his father, Géza. From then on, he fought not only to gain control of all regions of his kingdom, but also to establish Christianity all over his realm. He was crowned on either December 25, 1000 or January 1, 1001 as King Stephen I, with a crown sent by Pope Sylvester II. There is still debate over the actual date.*



King Stephen I could be quite brutal - which was rather normal for that period of history - in his consolidation of power as well as his imposition of Christianity. There were still many pagans in the area at that time, worshiping various other gods. Among these pagans was the *Apor family* (maybe still known as "Opour" back then). They spent a good deal of time battling against Christianity, thus against Stephen I. But it seems that they eventually realized that this was hopeless, so they decided to build a fortress on top of a hill. At a height of about 1,040 meters (about 3,400 feet) they could be left alone to worship their own god, the war god, "Hadúr".

The Apors named their new cas-

tle "Bálványosvár" ("Bálványos" can be translated as "Idolatrous"). They continued to worship as they pleased in their fortress high above the mostly Christian world below. They continued to hold on to their beliefs for another century until converting to Christianity in the early 12<sup>th</sup> century due to an impending marriage of Apor Szilamér to a Christian girl, Mikes Imola.

This castle was also where, sometime later, an Apor held the crown of Saint Stephen because he was not happy with the line of succession. A new king was not considered legitimate until he was crowned with the crown of St. Stephen. This was the way the Apors negotiated for a more agreeable outcome.

Apor Ilona, the widow of Apor Miklós, left Bálványosvár in 1603. She then moved to a manor house in the nearby town of Torja. After that the castle slowly crumbled away over the coming years, decades and centuries.

In 1942 and 1943, a major excavation was done at Bálványos, but due to World War II, this was cut short and the results of the artifacts found there were not analyzed until many years later. Most of the items that were dug up seem to be pottery and cooking pots dating from mostly the 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> centuries.

I climbed to the top of Bálványos in May 2007 with my wife, Lily, my cousin Máthé Márta and my cousin, Kati and her husband, Dr. Erdei Péter. I called my mother from the summit to wish her a Happy Mother's Day from the former home of her ancestors. As a

memento, I took a small piece of the wall home to my mother, which she subsequently put in a small frame.

Our climb to the top of the fortress was made more interesting because we initially veered off course and took the wrong path, which was very steep and getting a bit dangerous as we each had to find a tree to hold on to, to avoid sliding down the hillside. It wasn't until Mártika noticed a couple in the distance and asked them in Romanian about the way to the top. Once we got our bearings straight and adjusted our route, we didn't have too much difficulty making it the rest of the way to the top.

It is quite sad to see how little, of this once great castle, remains today. A few of the photos I took will give an idea about this. It would be interesting to imagine what must have stood there at one time. To look back and see what life was like in the castle back in its heyday in the 11<sup>th</sup> or 12<sup>th</sup> century. What I saw there reminded me of one my favorite, although quite sad, poems from Percy Bysshe Shelley:

### Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land,  
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal, these words appear:  
'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;  
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!'  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

After visiting Bálványos, our small group continued to drop in on Apor Csaba in Torja. At the time, already in his mid-80's, he was undertaking the restoration of the 500-year-old Apor Manor House in Torja.



*1st row: Bálintitt couple; Lilliana near the sad remains of a once great castle.*

*2nd row: Our little group; On the climb*

*3rd row: Baron Apor Csaba at home; Art work at Manor House*

*4th row: Bust of unknown ancestor; Lily inside the manor house at Torja*

The house had tremendously thick walls. He was in the process of installing double doors in the archways. These consisted of wooden structures that were curved at the top and about 2 to 3 feet deep between doors on either side.

One interesting discovery was made when he decided to begin painting the interior walls. As they began cleaning off some of the layers of old paint before applying a new coat, they discovered that the old paint covered underlying frescos. In fact, most of the walls were covered in frescos. This made the restoration a lot more difficult, but so much more fascinating.

Csaba was able to get back part of the land that was confiscated from his family by the communists. In addition to the work on the old manor house, he also farmed the land. He raised cows and sold the milk locally. He also raised horses and pigs. He decided to try to go back to a better time and live off the land and enjoy all that nature had to give. And what a magical place indeed for this endeavor.

There are so many beautiful sites to see in Transylvania. Bálványos and Torja are only 2 of them. But even this small part of Transylvania would make a trip there so worth the effort.

## **Explorer Sass Flora – Florence Baker – part 5**

*Éva Wajda*

*We continue the adventures of Sass Flora, a Hungarian explorer, and Sam Baker as they push on towards the source of the Nile.*

Owing to the obstacles which intervened, it was the first of February,

1863, when Florence and Sam Baker reached Gondokoro. From here the boats could go no further and they would need to travel by land. On the surface it was a perfectly legal ivory-trading station, but closely connected to the slave trade. One could hardly exist without the other. The only three items linked to this region were ivory, slaves, and cattle. Ivory could be obtained in trade only for slaves or cattle, but all three could be obtained by a raid on a village or villages.

Gondokoro was a wretched place, the population was composed of the most vicious elements – hostile traders drinking, fighting one another, the brawls so continuous that the sound of gunfire was considered ordinary, bullets buzzing through the air, barely missing bystanders, and once even killing a child. There were miserable little grass huts and the ruins of an abandoned Austrian Mission that had to serve as shelter for Sam and Florence.

While waiting for the trader whom they hoped to join on his return trip to Faloro, a 12–15 days' march south of Gondokoro, they spent their time riding through the region and learning about the local tribe, the Bari. They had dark skins, thick lips and flat noses. Both men and women rubbed a paste of red ochre and fat over their bodies and for beauty reasons, elaborate cuts were made in the skin and then rubbed with ash to raise the scars. They were excellent bowmen and shot strangers on sight if they were alone. They tipped their arrows with poison, the juice of a euphorbia tree. When struck, the skin swelled rapidly, then muscle, skin and flesh rotted, and the affected part of the body dropped off. There was no antidote. This ferocious tribe accepted Florence and Sam when they learned that their aim was exploration, not exploitation. Because of their close proximity to Gondokoro, they were raided incessantly by the traders who stole their tusks, cattle and people. Any archer the traders captured

was bound hand and foot and thrown down a cliff into the river and was devoured by crocodiles. They told Florence and Sam that the traders were hiding huge numbers of slaves inland until they left Gondokoro.

The English were known to be outspoken opponents of slavery, and Sam and Florence were regarded with deep suspicion as being spies. Their reception was most unfavorable. The traders did not want the Englishman looking into their business and then try to get the anti-slavery laws enforced. After a few days of mingling with the blackguards at the traders' camps, their men became disrespectful, unruly and quarrelsome. Sam had explained to each man when hired that raiding for cattle, ivory, and slaves would not be permitted. Now his men demanded they be allowed to conduct raids, and if refused, they would desert. Sam assembled the men on the deck of their *diablah* the next morning to punish the ringleader of the mutiny for his disobedience and troublemaking, and ordered he be given 25 lashes. The men grumbled sullenly and threateningly. Outnumbered forty to one, Sam approached the ringleader and with a well-placed punch knocked him to the ground, and a few more blows followed. Sam ordered his *vakeel* to bring a rope to tie him up. The mutineers were still threatening and closing in. Florence, feverish in the cabin below, heard the commotion and immediately responded and very calmly, in her diplomatic way, turned the situation around, knowing that Sam's authority was in the balance. "Heart of a lion", Sam thought, recognizing that Florence had saved him from a bad mistake and possibly his life. Sam knew now that the men could not be trusted and would mutiny again. There was great excitement when on February 15<sup>th</sup>, 1863, deBono's ivory porters arrived. Sam's men came running to report that there were two white men with them. Speke and Grant staggered weakly toward the river where the boats



were pulled up, and they were delighted to see that one boat flew the Union Jack. They saw a burly, bearded white man run towards them. Speke thought it was Petherick who was to meet them here even though they were several months late, but it was Sam, not only unexpected, but bearded and ten years older than when he last met Speke. Sam explained he was here to rescue them, walked them toward his boat and invited them for tea and some food, a wash and a rest. For a moment Speke thought his eyes had failed him. There was a beautiful, young white woman on the boat, smiling as she stood beside a table spread with more food than Speke had seen in months and set with cloth napkins, silverware, and a pretty china teapot. Speke and Grant began to eat as they were half starved. After they had eaten, they could hardly sit upright. Sam ordered water for their baths, tents to be erected for them and beds to be made, new clothes were laid out for them.

The next day, they shared a great deal of information of the utmost value. Sam congratulated them in proving that Lake Victoria was the source of the Nile. Using a map of their route, Speke and Grant pointed to a lake, the Luta N'zigé, reported to them by natives but which they had been unable to visit. It was their belief that the Nile flowed from

Lake Victoria into the Luta N'zigé and out again, which would make this lake a source of the Nile second in importance only to Lake Victoria itself. Speke suggested that Sam should undertake the journey to the lake to clarify the point, to which Sam replied that it would be an honor exploring and mapping the Luta N'zigé as he and Florence had come fully prepared for such an undertaking. Speke was astonished that Sam would take Florence on such a long and dangerous journey which would take months, even years, and tried to dissuade him, but to no avail. Sam explained proudly that Florence had traveled with him everywhere, that she could shoot and ride as well as any man and spoke better Arabic than he. She is fearless, and he (Speke) should see how well she manages the men. Some positively worship her.

Speke very generously shared information with Sam, wrote detailed directions and advice: what translators Sam would need, how many days' march to a village that would trade for food and what chief ruled where, what information to gather or confirm. Speke and Grant showed Sam the use of surveying instruments, to calculate latitude, longitude, and altitude, when and how to take readings from the sun and the stars with the sextant and so on, to make sure his observations would be compatible with

theirs. Florence paid close attention in case she would need to make observations herself. Speke did not consider Florence capable of carrying out such a technical task; he also underestimated her intelligence.

When Speke and Grant were ready to leave, Sam put at their disposal one of his boats for their return home to England.

Note: The Royal Geographic Society had sponsored Speke's expeditions, the first one with Burton, the second with Grant. Speke had discovered Lake Victoria in 1858, but was unable to confirm that it was the source of the Nile due to hostile tribes which threatened his and Burton's lives. Together with Grant, Speke then left London on April 27<sup>th</sup>, 1860, for Africa to confirm his earlier discovery.

*to be continued*

*Eva Wajda is a member of the Magyar News Online Editorial Board.*

## **Magyar News Online**

242 Kings Hwy Cut-off  
Fairfield, CT 06824

[www.magyarnews.org](http://www.magyarnews.org)

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# Did you know ...

OVS

...that a 10-year-old Hungarian girl competed and finished *fifth* among a field of 60 international contestants, many almost twice her age? *Szin Jázmin* is a student of *mental mathematics*, a new "sport" that has been introduced recently in Hungary and is currently being taught only at Jázmin's hometown, Szeged.

The essence of it is *to do all calculations in one's head*, faster than using instruments.



*Szin Jázmin*

extractions, currency exchanges etc., for two hours.

Their task was exacerbated by the ban of using paper and pencil, except for the results. Since some categories had no age limits, the 10-year-old Jázmin competed against some 19-year-olds as well.

Our sincere congratulations to the Little Genius!

... that CNN anchor Anderson Cooper has Hungarian connections? His mother, world-famous fashion designer *Gloria Vanderbilt* who died on June 17<sup>th</sup>, 2019 at age 95, was the niece of Countess Gladys Vanderbilt Széchenyi.

Gloria significantly increased the hefty millions left by her father. Her fashion design and manufacturing enterprise has been in the center of the *jeans* industry for decades.

She was 17 when she married Mr. Pat DiCicco of alleged mafia fame, and 21 when she became the wife of the legendary conductor Leopold Stokowski, 63. Gloria's

third, in 1956, was film director Sidney Lumet when they were both 32.

Her fourth marriage was to Wyatt Emory Cooper, Anderson's father.

Her Hungarian connection is through her aunt, *Gladys Vanderbilt*, youngest child of railroad magnate Cornelius.

In 1908, Gladys married Count László Széchenyi de Sárvárfelsővidék, whose great-uncle was Széchenyi István.



*Gloria Vanderbilt*

On June 1st, 2019, Jázmin participated in an international competition at Reken, Germany. According to her teacher, Soós Boglárka, the Hungarian coordinator of the Little Genius Mental Arithmetic School, competitors of nine countries vied to solve incredible tasks in more than 17 areas. The problems, among other hair-raising goals, included multiplying 20-digit numbers by 20-digit numbers, cube-root

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